- Poems

- Brian Edwards

Will the house
of mirrors
last forever
will the money
printing machines
last forever
will the
golden idols
we allowed
to be brought
into existence
last forever
what do
they say
about it
in the castle
of the harlequins

***

- 7/15/2026

Like an oil slick
upon water
time itself
remains formless
to my perceptions
the very boundaries
of time change
with each
passing moment
when it is
desired by fate
time delivers me
from the Sun
I wander
in a valley
of rusted cars
I search
for a place
unknown to us
where mystery
is the rule
of the day
a place
of questions
a place
where answers
change direction
when winds
of the east (FIX)
I experience
discovery
and revelation

***

- 7/16/2026

Sometimes
while waiting
for the epiphany
I experience
the exact opposite
sometimes
I mean to go out
and watch
the Sunset
but I
get it backwards
sometimes
I forget
the only song
I ever knew
by heart
sometimes
I discover
the start
of something
only when
it's over
sometimes
I dream
of galleons
sailing
into the mist
of a philosopher
climbing
a high mountain
in search
of the answer

***

- 7/16/2026

The world
ever changes
and mice
scurry about
in the night
and some dreams
are shattered
before
the break
of dawn
and the pawns
continue on
being pawns
and the radios
play the music
of a better time

***

- 7/16/2026

The night winds
howl
someplace north
of the equator
and I've always
loved the sound
I always find it
rather nice
though I suppose
the field mice
probably
don't much care
for the strong gust
of howling
night air

***

- 7/17/2026

Here tonight
I'm having
a splendid time
drinking
so much
of Andromeda's wine
drinking away
the hours
smelling the flowers
under
a starry sky
hoping one day
to fly
up to
the liquor store
upon the Moon

***

- 7/17/2026

Silence
is truth
and truth
is silence
and someday
silence
will be
the only truth
that you know
on and on
infinitum

***

- 7/18/2026

I am lost
in the cornstalks
where
the flies buzz
the world
ceaselessly
sabotaging me
alas that I might
pluck a star
from the heavens

***

- 7/18/2026

Trying to
climb higher
than the Sun
cast down
like Icarus
just for fun
someday
I'll give it
another try
some will
ask why
I'll simply
tell them
a crafty lie

***

- 7/18/2026

Let's go follow
the northern Sun
let's wander
through
a valley
of tin cans
it only
makes sense
if you've
given up
on being sensible
go beyond
the shadow
with me
we'll erase time
banish time
we'll live
in exile
we'll have
pet tarantulas
we'll sleep
outside
under the
supernova
we will craft
our ideologies
into a black hole
and I know
we'll be
more than
a little tempted
ourselves
to dance across
the event horizon

***

- 7/18/2026

I have seen
the light
and the
light itself
has seen
the light
friends
neighbors
ancient Romans
we have all
seen the light
on Ithaca
with Odysseus
on the throne
they have seen
the light
the light has
been reported seen
at the temple
of Artemis
the light
has been seen there
and in many fjords
and upon
many islands
far up in
the North Sea
the light
has been seen
the truth
has been seen
a vision
of tomorrow
has been seen

***

- 7/19/2026

Dance with I
dance with I
dance with I
in the sky
of the pie
the field
and the moat
the falcon
and the goat
dance with I
again and again
may our thoughts
be of Zen
may we acquire
a nice
feather pen
dance with I
we'll behold
omens in the sky
the sky
of the pie
the falcon's gaze
the orchid
of the maze

***

- 7/19/2026

Muses
and mind readers
inspiration
sometimes burns
like a fire
like a burning tire
or a fried wire
tomorrow
I need
to put air
in my car's tires
while the muses sing
and play the lyre

***

- 7/20/2026

And so these are
the days
of wine
and minotaurs
stampeding through
those little villages
along
the merchant's road
to struggle
through
one's life
to struggle
to gain
any good thing
at all
lost in a matter
of mere moments
and so these are
the days of wine

***

- 7/21/2026

Yes I have known
the light side
of darkness
and the darker side
of darkness
I have spoken
with muses
beyond the threshold
of time itself
I have seen worlds
of a future time
when we
all knew each other
in fellowship
I have seen
days of spring rain
and days
of winter snow
and ever onward
we will go
and bring
our curiosity
to places
we couldn't
even imagine
not that long ago

***

- 7/17/2026

The Moon's glow
is such a show
to know
it makes one know
a little bit
of a true light
absent
of the artificial
and the vain
all of this
is the same
as it was
in Socrate's time

***

- 7/18/2026

Alas I found
a muse
that I feel
is worthy
of my devotion
there's never
any commotion
there's just some
good old
inspiration
lovely as a daisy
in a rain
of ashes

***

- 7/18/2026

I move slowly
for I have not
the energy
this morning
to move quickly
I waste
some measure
of time
in the wasteland
of time
I carry within me
a storm of thoughts
I did not
wish it so
yet it is so
yet what you wish
doesn't mean shit
to the gods
of fate
most often

***

- 7/20/2026

I have sought out
the windstorm
many times
figuring
it would find me
eventually
better to
confront it
on my own terms
of my own
choosing
the windstorms
teach me
many lessons
about the world
how forces
in motion
may gain momentum
how they
may make it
difficult
for one
who only seeks
serenity
while wandering about

***

- 7/20/2026

The night
smelled of diesel
and not
of roses
streetlights
glowed
like candles
across the city
though I was asleep
in a dream
very deep
one I won't
even remember
when my
little corner
of the world
is facing the Sun
once again

***

- 7/20/2026

I cast words
to the wind
they will join
with the wind
they will
become wind
I speak words
that are of wind
yet to be
freer than
I've ever been
my words will be

***

- 7/20/2026

Such a timeline
I could not
foresee
how could anyone
who didn't
live atop
a tree
golden dreams
sometimes
don't go very far
the gold is heavy
the soul
may be corrupted
and tar pits
are an ever
present danger
such is life
in the world

***

- 7/20/2026

Waiting
to hear
the bell
so that I
may know
the way
to journey
into
the heavy fog

***

- 7/21/2026

Looking upon
the Moon
I ponder
all my mind
can think about
to ponder
and someday
the comet
will return
a candle
will burn
and an old owl
in a tree
will know
the answer

***

- 7/21/2026

Moonlight
tall grass
a meadow
a lark
witty comments
get you nowhere
in this day
time is fog
gravity
was never
an oasis
truth is an abyss
wrapped
in a void
some have seen
how it all ends
let's forget
the story
for awhile
lets have
some wine
and feel fine
for as long
as we can
the smog
of our cities
we breathe it
we own it
destiny
can sometimes
be found
down in
the meadow
in the Moonlight

***

- 7/22/2026

Can you see
my words
are perhaps
not so ethereal now
cold truth
and cold reality
have made me become
a bitter man
these days
I look upon
snakes
with admiration
I can see
vast deserts
in their
merciless eyes
and I don't whistle
the same tune now
the coldness
of this reality
has made me
a bitter man
I believe
and so I grasp
for straws
and so
I'm looking for
an escape hatch
to escape
all that has
turned me into
this bitter man

***

- 7/22/2026

Getting ready
to go back into
the modern day storm
when and where
it's raining venom
it seems so quiet
and peaceful now
after just
waking up
yet there's
a storm approaching
out there
a storm
of electricity
a storm
of commerce
a storm
of ideology
a storm that makes
many of us
go insane
yet that is
the nature
of the beast
in these times

***

- 7/23/2026

When can
I know
the Universe again
when will they not
give a shit
about me knowing
the Universe again
my methods
were not
their most
ideal methods
yet if
a thing works
it works
who wants
to argue about
methods anyway
one must
wander out into
the desert
of the deadly Sun
and the scorpion
to behold
the most beautiful
mirage
of them all

***

- 7/23/2026

The toads
of the morning
and the
stained glass windows
of Valhalla
these are
my two epiphanies
here on
this lovely
Thursday morning
here in New Jersey
I went to
the Pine Barrens
last weekend
it was good
I watched
the Sunrise
the flies
ate me alive
a little
yet I am
more than willing
to be a feast
to the flies
in order to
watch the Sun rising
over
the Pine Barrens

***

- 7/23/2026

I move about
in a city
of salt
thy name
be a stone sacrifice
to the gods
of the storm
take me out
of this equation
I wish
to forget
many things
I've been
caught up
in the machinery
of the grind
for far
too long
it doesn't take
a genius
to recognize
societal decay
what happened
to the Sunlight
we once felt
and knew
was it only ever
just an illusion
was it only ever
that unique
kind of fog
that clings
to the mind

***

- 7/23/2026

Eternity
stole my wine
and my cigarettes
now I have
nothing left
to hold
within myself
as a hopeful
understanding
of Occam's Razor

***

- 7/23/2026

The metallic bones
of a world
I once knew
before my eyes
a horizon
of rusted
crossbeams
I know that I
surmised
far too many times
I contemplated
the grapes
and the bats
of the night
with a whimper
or with a fight
out candle
your light
is of a beauty
we can
no longer endure

***

- 7/23/2026

The hour
finds me
waiting
and wanting
to laugh again
so be it
and let fly
the crows
of an absurd tale
from the days
of Ahab's whale

***

- 7/23/2026

Those were
better days
when you felt
the prick
of the thorn
when you noticed
a drop or two
of blood
when you
could feel
the vulnerability
of the flesh
when you perceived
the fatal nature
of the Sun
when you could feel
the vibrant pulse
of the Universe
and you knew
that life
was happening
right there
right then

***

- 7/23/2026

The tall grass sways
in an
afternoon breeze
and I find myself
too far away
from Belize
too far away
to find such joy
in the breeze

***

- 7/23/2026

Far out into
the Pines
at night
I've astral projected
on more than
a few occasions
of all places
to go
that is my favorite
my soul feels
a connection there
in the silence
and the remoteness
I find a measure
of tranquility
I could forget
the rest of
the world
out there
and someday
I will

***

- 7/23/2026

I follow
the dove
into the cove
of medallions
chains are broken
as are rules
in times
of lunar epiphany
I shall seek
a philosophy
or conceive
my own
born out of
isolation
all else
would be
mere glitter
and illusion
so much has been
hollowed out
already
you can
feel it out there
our atmosphere
is becoming
as a tomb

***

- 7/23/2026

When you first
discover
that your reality
is not
the true one
memories like that
can stay with you
awhile
acceptance
is a bitter pill
yet the world
breathes bitter pills
into existence
on a daily basis
the fog of time
can be
a sanctuary
if you wish it
to be
tomorrow
let us admire
the roses
in the garden
as we must
seek beauty
to survive
in all the memories

***

- 7/23/2026

I dance
without
a clue
I wander
without
a shoe
I feel remorse
much regret
and fear
yet I know
that in
the end
I'll just have
some beer

***

- 7/23/2026

Sleeping
as new idols
are made
we were
too complacent
now we're up
shit's creek
in the shade
laughing
and singing
all that
seems so
long ago
now we're
moving on
towards
the illusion
of a radiant
summer
so lets go
let's go
to the nihilist
carnival
for awhile

***

- 7/23/2026

The sensible thing
would be
to do the thing
that's sensible
thus it is decreed
as bees pollinate
the flowers
of Earth
so we awaken
to a world
of complexity
seek us
find us
receive us well
these things
do something
remind me
of Dante's Hell
when there's
so much
ice around here
it is the year
of the teardrops
and glistening

***

-7/24/2026

Give me
your silence
give me
your venom
give me
your forgetting
all about me
so go
the tides
of this life

***

- 7/24/2026

Collide
with the Moon
when you fly
on a broom
the portals
are open
we're going
through
we'll have
our last dance
and make it
worth a flower
we know
we have some
power
when we
unite the banners
let's give it time
let's let the wine
work its magic
how the
dead-end job
is so often tragic
I've got
some ability
to remember
our ancestral stars

***

- 7/24/2026

Every day
the news
grows more sour
I regret
waking up
within only
an hour
and now
I must go
and play
the part
that I must
for if I don't
I might lose
the revenue service's
trust
bureaucratic agencies
follow me around
yet I slip
between worlds
where most
cannot follow
so I'll never be
truly found
and so
the sparrow sings
and the roads
are busy once more
you may find
me again
tomorrow
if you're willing
to step through
the cosmic door

***

- 7/24/2026

They smashed
it up good
the society
we had made
they wished
to become
vampires
of fiat vanity
they tried
to make
this seem
like this is
the thing to be
they wanted
us all to believe
that money
fell like leaves
from a tree
in the Autumn wind
yet cosmic forces
guide us towards
the truth
of the matter
what is true
and what is not
the stars
will eventually
align to bring us
revelation

***

- 7/24/2026

Sailing out
into
the open sea
of time
sometimes
we head for
places
we don't belong
this world
was never perfect
so I feel the buzz
of creativity
so I feel the buzz
of imagination
so I wander
about the nation
in these times
where are all
the prophets at
are we losing
our sense
of purpose
what can we
believe
from the
computer screens
has an old
cycle of history
returned to us
will I be able
to escape it
in the open sea
of time

***

- 7/24/2026

Sucked in
by the storm
why'd you let it
get into
your very soul
now's the hour
when we need
to remember the Sun
light scorches
the darkness
all the time
bring it into
a clearer view
I knew you
back before
the storm
I know
this ain't the norm
all we're
dealing with now
the jackals
fed amphetamines
dreams colliding
with
commodified void
I know you
better than
the serpents do
bring me
to a place
I can hear
the mystical violin

***

- 7/24/2026

Tomorrow
gotta work
gotta dig
the canal
for some jerk
there's nothing
to show
when there's
nothing to show
and I don't
even know
what I never
could know
so take
a loose dream
and tie it
to a windmill
a few tulips
may scream
in protest
yet damn
them all
tomorrow
I've got to
dig the canal

***

- 7/24/2026

Find me
the measure
of eternal
pondering
I look at
my reflection
in the pond
I look into
the reflection
in the pond
a different
atmosphere
to behold there
a place where
different mushrooms
grow
a place to sow
the seeds
of a monarchy
of anarchy

***

- 7/24/2026

Living upon
an insanity planet
if my words
do not seem
truthful
you did not
receive them
correctly
or maybe you did
so there you are

***

- 7/24/2026

Doves of
the metal wire
and the stained glass
window
of an emerald
epiphany
garden of the
melted weathervane
someone seems
to have
thought up
a scheme
most sly

***

- 7/25/2026

That day
when I saw
the Sun
belch a flare
when I decided
gravity
become unhinged
up in the air
when I wasn't sure
if I even cared
my soul
running
on empty
in a sign
of the times
that day
when Medusa returned
when on the horizon
we saw the flames
as Troy burned
again and again
like a kind
of spectral dance
that goes on
forever
that day
when the serpent
looked at me
in the eyes
when I knew
I would never
surmise
the grand scheme
of the great
ventriloquist

***

- 7/25/2026

In their fancy suits
blessed by
the serpent's tongue
they tell us
the lie
for they still feel
they must
yet someday
they won't bother
to lie
they won't feel
like they have to
anymore
when feudalism
is back in style
like it was
in 1399

***

- 7/25/2026

Insomnia
and cigarettes
dreams of
a beautiful toil
no more
the stars
are out
those distant
atomic infernos
shining
so lovely
tonight
insomnia
and cigarettes
too many
of my thoughts
escaped
and got away
from me now
on the third day
look to the east
and you'll be
shown the way

***

- 7/25/2026

It's oblivion's turn
the worm
is found
though I repeat
the sonnets
they'll all burn
like Vesuvius
it's dinner time
a feast of tears
what has
happened to us
all these
jaded years
what brings
me light
may bring you
a disease
don't think
of snow cones
in the
tropical breeze
never mind
for I knew it all
back when
never mind
I'll pick up
the lantern
and keep
searching for
the Zen

***

- 7/25/2026

Bring me
a smoke
and a feather to
fill my chalice
with such
a lovely time
fill my chalice
with memories
of the summer
of 1994
bring me
a timepiece
bring me
a wishbone
I'm just here
all alone
here the orchids
have made
themselves
into cathedrals
like back in
the summer
of 1994

***

- 7/25/2026

Babylon
peaking through
the scarlet
window
dust of our dust
what a city
of dreams
has been made
yet here we are
at the edge
of an abyss
mortality's kiss
was always
the same
and dire was
the warning
through all
the acid rain
the blame now
reflected
back at us
in a mirror
of vanity

***

- 7/26/2026

Toads
and Valkyries
we ponder
this day
here on
a gondola
in Venice
we are open
to suggestions
before we reach
the wider bay
flag thieves
and graffiti
nihilist
point the way

***

- 7/26/2026

If only
the ancient
garden
be thine
and the wine
and the salt
and the
brimstone
I sleep no more
my insomnia
has become
such a bore
staring at walls
all through
the night

***

- 7/26/2026

Something
like a little bit
of Valhalla's rain
falls down
upon the field
something
a little bit
like El Dorado's
golden flame
we do not
distain
the papyrus
scrolls
we read them
in our coliseums
we make
mental notes
about their
potential
philosophical
implications

***

- 7/26/2026

Show me again
the way
to the palace
of Zen
high upon
a mountaintop
above the clouds
show me
the way
that I may stay
where eternal wisdom
glows from
an eternal lantern
high up there
above the clouds
looking down
upon the sleeping
village below
what do
we truly know
as time
dreams its dreams
from one
point of view
to another
it's all up there
on the mountaintops

***

- 7/26/2026

Swing a sword
in the light
bake some bread
as Hieronymus Bosch
scenes
come to life
outside the window
don't forget
to be registered
for something
important
the meadowlark's
alive
I'm taking things
in stride
I know how
it's been
I know about
the gulags
and the dens
of sin
call me forth
under the
ancient elm tree
bake some bread
bake some bread
tell a machine
your inner thoughts
it may
remember you
for a million years

***

- 7/26/2026

Can't sleep
it's the middle
of the night
this tooth
is bothering
me again
the fright
of tooth decay
and today
was also
a paranoid day
what makes them
wish to stay
and look
and listen
surveillance
is for the canaries
anyway
I'll pay no mind
I'll sacrifice it all
for a new
shiny dime
my words
carried through
the telephone lines
the city now sleeps
as do the dragons

***

- 7/25/2026

Knowing
the omens
knowing
the hour
I must be on
my way
knowing
these crows
see further ahead
than I
the trapdoors
of destiny
the tarpits
the quicksand
what I could
never find
may be
found again
when the chosen
hour arrives
I know I
will have to
reconsider
what I thought
could never be
so much has
proven me wrong
now I must learn
and remember
this new song

***

- 7/27/2026

I already know
that tomorrow
will be
a reflection
of today
the mirror
of my perception
is cracked
yet that is
the way
tomorrow
I'll give the grind
its toll
in the essence
of life
the hours
the moments
when I could be
in a field
of tulips
in Holland
somewhere
near a windmill
yet I am
not there
and I won't be
there tomorrow
and there are
no windmills
around here
nor tulips either

***

- 7/27/2026

Each day
is a journey
through
the inferno
of madness
I realize now
how it is
the brainwashed
become brainwashed
become brainwashed
taking
the long way
down life's road
has its share
of revelations
and I look at
the crows
as they
look at me
the radios try
and make us
forget
with a song
and then
the brainwashing
continues
for an hour
sometimes two
sometimes more
and we'll
wake up
in the morning
very confused
about
our true place
in the order
of things

***

- 7/27/2026

In the dark forest
I saw the witches
holding
their lanterns
their lanterns
aglow
in the dark forest
just as
the last traces
of twilight
this twilight
were fading
from the world
I saw the witches
about their work
contemplating such
immortal things
if I could testify
I would
yet they always
choose
not to hear me
in the last
trace of twilight
garden
of dark sky
and the
faintest stars
in the dark forest
in the dark forest
we all
find ourselves
eventually

***

- 7/28/2026

I'm bringing
all these illusions
to the surface
let them dance
upon the wind
before me
only the
resilient ones
shall remain
I'll never see
these old haunts
again
I'm moving on
never looking
behind me
the land of nowhere
lies back there
the land
of somewhere
lies ahead
first star
of the morning glow
that'll be
my destination
we need not always
chain ourselves
to a place in time
we'll set sail
and make way
for the shores
of eternal dreaming

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- 7/28/2026

So I go
this day
into the catacomb
of hours
drained
of their essence
working
in the grind
that transforms
my time
to dust
so I go
as the machinery
of it all
out there
accelerates
its momentum
we look upon
familiar places
without recognizing
ourselves
like moths
drawn to
a burning
oil well
and so it goes on
as horizons end
and do not
seem to continue
and so it goes on
as scorpions
and leeches
gather strength
and organize
themselves
into legions

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- 7/28/2026